



2026

Perugia Italy

**International Composition
Competition
on the subject:**

**“Dormita de Paradiso”
by Jacopone da Todi**

**Application deadline
april 24, 2026**

Art. 1 - Introduction and Eligibility

The Musicosmicamente A.P.S. Cultural Association announces the 7th Edition of the "**PERUSIA HARMONICA**" **International Composition Competition**. The theme for this edition is *the dramatic lauda: "Donna de Paradiso" by Jacopone da Todi* (text provided in Appendix 1). The competition is open to composers of any age and nationality. Application Deadline: April 24, 2026.

Art. 2 - Submission and Evaluation

Final compositions must be submitted by November 15, 2026. After reviewing the entries, the Jury will announce the final rankings by December 31, 2026. Scores will be awarded on a scale of 1 to 100.

Art. 3 - Composition Requirements

Scores must be based on the attached text by Jacopone da Todi and adhere to the following criteria:

- *Performance*: The work may be conceived for either a staged production or a concert performance.
- *Vocal Scoring*: Solo roles must include the *Nunzio* (Messenger), *Maria*, and *Christ*. The part of the *Popolo* (People) must be written for a vocal ensemble (SATB).
- *Instrumentation*: The ensemble must include the *organ* as the core instrument. This may be the sole accompaniment or be joined by a maximum of five additional instruments.
- *Notation*: For works featuring non-standard graphic characters or contemporary symbols, authors must provide an explanatory key/table for correct interpretation.

Art. 4 - Originality

Submitted works must be original and previously unperformed.

Art. 5 - Registration

Registration must be completed online via <http://www.musicosmicamente.com>. Applicants must attach:

1. A copy of a valid identity document;
2. A receipt of the bank transfer (mandatory for application acceptance);
3. An artistic photograph (optional).

Art. 6 - Submission Format

Scores must be submitted exclusively via email in PDF format to:

musicosmicamente@musicosmicamente.com. An optional MP3 mock-up may be included.

Note: To ensure an anonymous evaluation, the composer's name must not appear on the PDF. Each file will be assigned a numerical code before being submitted to the Jury.

Art. 7 - Entry Fees

The participation fee is € 80.00. This fee is non-refundable, except in the cases outlined in Art. 11.

Payment can be made via:

1. Bank Transfer: Associazione Culturale Musicosmicamente (Crédit Agricole, Perugia via Campo di Marte 6/F).

IBAN: IT31S0623003004000015435119 – BIC/Swift: CRPPIT2PXXX.

2. PayPal: <http://PayPal.Me/perusiarharmonica>. Please specify "2026 Composition Competition" and the candidate's full name in the payment description.

Art. 8 - Prizes and Performance

The first-prize winner will receive a € 400 scholarship. The winning composition will be performed live by Musicosmicamente A.P.S. during the 2027 Easter season (around March 28). Date, venue, and staging (sets/costumes, if applicable) will be communicated in due course.

Art. 9 - The Jury

The Jury will consist of distinguished musicians whose names will be published on the Association's website. The Jury reserves the right not to award a prize if no entry meets the required artistic standards. All Jury decisions are final and binding.

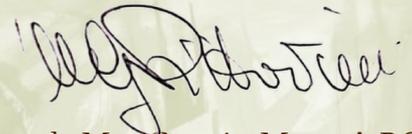
Art. 10 - Privacy and Data Protection

In accordance with Legislative Decree no. 196/2003 and the GDPR (EU 2016/679), Musicosmicamente A.P.S. informs candidates that personal data will be used exclusively for competition-related communications. Candidates retain the right to access, update, or delete their data at any time.

Art. 11 - General Provisions

The Organization reserves the right to modify these regulations to ensure the competition's success. Should the competition be cancelled due to force majeure, the Organization will promptly notify participants and provide a full refund of the entry fees.

Il Presidente



Associazione Culturale MusiCosmicaMente A.P.S.
via Madonna del Riccio, 35/D - Perugia
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Il Pianto della Madonna

by **Jacopone da Todi**

(Todi, Perugia 1236 – Collazzone, Perugia 1306)

Nunzio

Donna de Paradiso,
lo tuo figliolo è priso,
Jesu Cristo beato.

Accurre, donna, e vide
che la gente l'allide !
credo che 'llo s'occide,
tanto l'on flagellato.

Maria

Como esser porrià
che non fece follia,
Cristo, la spene mia,
om' l'avesse pigliato ?

Nunzio

Madonna, egli è traduto,
Juda sì l'ha venduto
trenta denar n'ha 'vuto,
fatto n'ha gran mercato.

Maria

Succurri, Magdalena,
gionta m'è adosso piena !
Cristo figlio se mena,
como m'è annunziato.

Nunzio

Succurri, Donna, adiuta !
ch'al tuo figlio se sputa
e la gente lo muta,
hanlo dato a Pilato.

Maria

O Pilato, non fare
lo figlio mio tormentare,
ch'io te posso mostrare
como a torto è accusato.

Popolo

Crucifige, crucifige !
Omo che se fa rege,
secondo nostra lege,
contradice al senato.

Messenger

Lady of Paradise,
your son has been taken,
Jesus Christ the Blessed.

Run, Lady, and see
how the people strike Him!
I believe He is dying,
so much have they scourged Him.

Mary

How could this be?
He committed no wrong.
Christ, my only hope
how could they have seized Him?

Messenger

My Lady, He is betrayed.
Judas has sold Him
thirty pieces of silver he received,
making a cruel profit.

Mary

Help me, Magdalene!
A great flood of grief is upon me.
My son Christ is being led away,
just as it was foretold to me.

Messenger

Help, Lady, come quickly!
They spit upon your son
the crowd turns against Him
they have handed Him over to Pilate.

Mary

O Pilate, do not let
my son be tormented.
I can prove to you
that He is falsely accused.

People

Crucify Him, crucify Him!
A man who makes himself King,
according to our law,
opposes the Senate.

Maria

Priego che m'entendàti,
nel mio dolor pensàti;
forza mò ve mutati
de che avete pensato.

Nunzio

Tragon fuor li ladroni
che sian suoi compagnoni.

Popolo

De spine se coroni !
ché rege s'è chiamato.

Maria

O figlio, figlio, figlio !
figlio, amoroso giglio,
figlio, chi dà consiglio
al cor mio angustiato ?

Figlio, occhi giocondi,
figlio, co' non respondi ?
figlio, perché t'ascondi
dal petto o' se' lattato ?

Nunzio

Madonna, ecco la cruce,
che la gente l'aduce,
ove la vera luce
dèi essere levato.

Maria

O croce, che farai ?
el figlio mio torrai ?
e che ce aponerai
ché non ha en sé peccato ?

Nunzio

Succurri, piena de doglia,
ché 'l tuo figliol se spoglia;
la gente par che voglia
che sia en croce chiavato.

Maria

Se glie tollete 'l vestire,
lassàtelme vedere
come 'l crudel ferire
tutto l'ha 'nsanguinato.

Mary

I beg you to hear me,
consider my sorrow
perhaps you will yet change your minds
about what you have planned.

Messenger

They are bringing out the thieves
to be His companions.

People

Crown Him with thorns!
For He called Himself a King.

Mary

O son, son, son!
My son, beloved lily.
Son, who can bring comfort
to my anguished heart?

Son, with joyful eyes
son, why do you not answer?
Son, why do you hide
from the breast that nursed you?

Messenger

My Lady, here is the cross
the people are bringing,
upon which the True Light
must be raised.

Mary

O Cross, what will you do?
Will you take my son from me?
What fault will you find in Him,
for He has no sin?

Messenger

Come quickly, Lady of Sorrows,
for your son is being stripped.
It seems the people wish Him
to be nailed to the cross.

Mary

If you take His clothes,
let me see
how the cruel wounds
have covered Him in blood.

Nunzio

Donna, la man gli è presa
e nella croce è stesa,
con un bollon gli è fesa,
tanto ci l'on ficcato !

L'altra mano se prende,
nella croce se stende,
e lo dolor s'accende,
che più è multiplicato.

Donna, li piè se prenno
e chiavèllanse al lenno,
onne iontura aprenno
tutto l'hon desnodato.

Maria

Ed io comencio el corrotto.
Figlio, lo mio deporto,
figlio, chi me t'ha morto,
figlio mio delicato ?

Meglio averèno fatto
che 'l cor m'avesser tratto,
che, nella croce tratto,
starce desciliato.

Cristo

Mamma, o' sei venuta ?
mortal me dàì feruta,
ché 'l tuo pianger me stuta,
ché 'l veggio sì afferrato.

Maria

Figlio, che m'agio anvito,
figlio, patre e marito,
figlio, chi t'ha ferito ?
figlio, chi t'ha spogliato ?

Cristo

Mamma, perché te lagni ?
voglio che tu remagni,
che serve i miei compagni
ch'al mondo agio acquistato.

Maria

Figlio, questo non dire,
voglio teco morire,
non me voglio partire,
fin che mò m'esce il fiato.

Messenger

Lady, His hand is taken
and stretched upon the cross
it is pierced by a bolt,
so deeply have they driven it!

The other hand is taken,
stretched upon the cross,
and the pain ignites,
multiplying further.

Lady, His feet are taken
and nailed to the wood
every joint is torn open
His whole body dislocated.

Mary

And I begin my lament
My son, my joy son,
who has killed you?
My tender, delicate son.

It would have been better
if they had torn out my heart
than to see you on the cross,
so mangled.

Christ

Mother, why have you come?
You give me a mortal wound
your weeping consumes me
for I see your grief is so intense.

Mary

Son, I am here by your side.
My son, father, and husband—son,
who has wounded you?
Son, who has stripped you?

Christ

Mother, why do you lament?
I want you to remain,
to serve my companions
whom I have gathered in this world.

Mary

Son, do not say this!
I want to die with you.
I will not leave
until my last breath is gone.

Ch'una agiam sepultura,
figlio de mamma scura,
trovarse en affrantura
mate e figlio affocato.

Cristo

Mamma col core afflitto,
entro a le man te metto
de Joanne, mio eletto;
sia tuo figlio appellato.

Joanne, esta mia mate
tollela en caritate
aggine pietate
ca lo core ha forato.

Maria

Figlio, l'alma t'è uscita,
figlio de la smarrita,
figlio de la sparita,
figlio attossicato !

Figlio bianco e vermiglio,
figlio senza simiglio
figlio a chi m'appiglio ?
figlio, pur m'hai lassato.

Figlio bianco e biondo,
figlio, volto iocondo,
figlio, perché t'ha el mondo,
figlio, così sprezzato ?

Figlio, dolce e piacente,
figlio de la dolente,
figlio, hatte la gente
malamente trattato !

O Joanne, figlio novello,
morto è lo tuo fratello,
sentito aggio 'l coltello
che fo profetizzato.

Che morto ha figlio e mate
de dura morte afferrate,
trovarse abbraccate
mate e figlio a un cruciato.

Let us share one grave,
son of a grieving mother
let mother and son be found together
in the same final agony.

Christ

Mother of the afflicted heart,
I place you in the hands of John,
my chosen one.
Let him be called your son.

John, take this mother
of mine in charity.
Have mercy on her,
for her heart is pierced through.

Mary

Son, your soul has departed.
Son of the lost one,
son of the desolate one,
my poisoned son!

Son, white and ruddy,
son without equal
to whom shall I cling?
Son, you have left me.

Son, fair and blond—son,
with the joyful face—son,
why has the world
so despised you?

Son, sweet and pleasing—son
of the woman of sorrows—son,
the people have treated you
so cruelly!

O John, my new son,
your brother is dead.
I have felt the knife
that was prophesied.

For both son and mother are dead,
seized by a harsh death—mother and son,
locked in an embrace
upon the cross.